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Evangelical Visitor- October 16, 1911. Vol. XXV. No. 21

George Detwiler

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Evangelical Visitor.

The Earth Shall Be Full of the Knowledge of the Lord as the Waters Cover the Sea.—Isa. xi. 9.

"Some trust in chariots and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God."—Psa. 10:7.

VOL. XXV.

HARRISBURG, PA., MONDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1911.

No. 21.

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For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

The South African Tribes.

By J. O. LEHMAN.

There is a place I love to go,
God's blessed word as seed to sow;
'Tis where the heathen come to meet,
And find sweet peace at Jesus' feet.

'Tis in the place where Zulus come,
And Kaffirs too, for Christ are won;
'Tis here we find Basutos, too,
And Swazis also, not a few.

In such a place the Fingo's seen,
Pondos can't say they have not been;
The Shangaan, too, from the East Coast
Is seen here in Jesus to boast.

The Blantyre boys from central land,
When service is called are on hand;
Bachopis here their pipe throw away,
Whose faces light up as bright as day.

Sheetzwas and all the east coast men
Are there beside the Quilimane;
Mozambiques, too, in this seed bed,
Are found worshipping Mohammed.

They come from the East, West and South.
In rain or sunshine or in drought;
In the far North the word resounds,
Come, let us go to the Compounds.

This is a splendid place, we know,
In which God's word as seed to sow,
Where one and all from far and near
Can gather round with open ear.

Here God breaks down this racial pride,
Zulu, Msuto, are side by side;
Praying to God for love and grace,
No more to hate, but seek His face.

We gather sheaves here in one day
Which would take years, till one is gray,
To reach these souls in all their homes,
With the gospel in welcome tones.

Oh my brothers, and sisters, too!
Pray for these souls who are not few;
Two hundred thousand are here now,
Shall they at His precious feet bow?

Shall they go home without a word,
The gospel message all unheard?
Shall they go with the white man's sins,
To make their homes like devils' dens?

No, this burden is yours and mine,
And what we do must be in time;
With His Spirit completely filled,
Do His bidding and all He willed.

The urgent need for us to-day
Is not just to be blessed away;
'Tis the heathen to evangelize
By which Christ's coming to realize.

God, the Father, His Son He gave
All people of this world to save;
Christ, His glory and life laid down
To take our sins and give the crown.

What is the gift, thou did'st lay down,
For the heathen to have a crown?
Christ had nowhere to lay His head;
Hast thou a cot or a spring-bed?

We are His, all we have and are,
The cattle, too, from near and far;
"Silver and gold," says He, "are mine"—
Then all the glory shall be Thine.

78 Third St., Booyen's Reserve, Transvaal; S. Africa, Sept. 4, 1811.

[The following poem was sent us for publication by Bro. and Sr. J. R. Eyster, of South Africa. The author, a Scotchman, sent it to them recently and their spirits were so refreshed by it that they pass it on to the VISITOR family.—Editor.]

"Earth and Heaven."

A Dialogue—Matthew vi. 21.

"'Twas a glorious Coronation!"

Said the man from over sea;

"Such public jubilation;

Such pomp and majesty.

The king he looked so splendid!

The queen she was so grand!

There never was such pageant yet

In any other land!

There were thousands upon thousands

Of well dressed people there,

Full of joyous demonstration,

(Rousing cheers that rent the air);

Such a galaxy of colors,

Such a waving of the hands,

Midst the prancing of the horses

And the music of the bands.

The crowd was nearly wild with joy,

And the voices made a roar

Like the thunder of the ocean waves

Upon some rock-bound shore.

There were lords and foreign princes,

And ladies great and fair,

And I thought of you in Africa,

And wished you had been there!

For I cannot half do justice

To the grandeur of the scene,

'Twas the finest Coronation

Of the greatest king and queen!

You've missed the chance of all your life,

Time ne'er to you can bring

So wonderful a pageant,

So gorgeous a king!"

The missionary listened, as he gazed out to the west,

Where the sun was slowly sinking in a ruby mantle drest;

Where the clouds were changing colors— from crimson-red, to gold,

And the heavens sent this message which the missionary told:

"I shall see the Coronation!

For He has prepared a place,

For those who love Him here on earth,

To gaze there on His face.

The splendor of the setting sun

Is but a feeble light,

To the brightness of His coming,

In His majesty and might.

The glories of that sunset that gilds yon western sky

Would pale beside His beauty as His chariot draweth nigh.

I shall see the Coronation!

With the ransomed and the free,

When the saved in untold thousands

Shall do homage on their knees.

The saints that form His body-guard

Shall raise an anthem, then—

In sweetness and in harmony

Beyond the powers of men!

And the stars shall sing together,

As the angels move their wings,

To the rhythm of the music

Of the harpers and the strings.

And the voices of the nations

Louder far than ocean waves,

Shall proclaim the King of heaven

'Hallelujah! Jesus saves!'

So I know I have not missed my chance,

As I heard you just now say,

And I'm looking forward gladly

To the Coronation day!"

F. J. ALEXANDER.

Give Your Sunshine to the Living.

Give your sunshine to the living,
Do not wait till they are dead;
O, there's joy in constant giving,
Human hearts are comforted,
And the giver feels the sunshine
Of the heart's responsive smile,
Knowing that another's pathway
Has been brightened all the while.

Give your blossoms to the living,
Let them have their fragrance now,
Ere their eyes are sealed in slumber
And like marble in their brow.
Often for some loving token
Human hearts have ached and bled;
Give your blossoms to the living,
Do not wait till they are dead.

Give your sunshine to the lonely,
Though they seem but cold and proud,
Oft, perchance, some hidden sorrow
Makes them shun the cheerful crowd,
Give a loving word or token,
Just a pressure of the hand;
Let them know your heart is tender,
Though you may not understand.

Give your heart's love to the fallen;
Oh, they need the tenderest care;
Though you see not their temptation,
They must meet it everywhere.
Oft a word, a smile, a handclasp,
Gives the needed strength and cheer,
Helps them in the bitter conflict,
When the tempter lingers near.

Give your sunshine to the living;
Scatter flowers with eager hand;
You may wake the chord responsive
That will vibrate o'er the land.
Lavish smiles upon the aged;
Cheer the sad ones on their way;
You may make this world an Eden
By the kindness of to-day.

—The Christian Guardian.

Evangelical Visitor

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EDITORIAL.

Jesus Saves.

It is related of a godly mother of seventeen children, dying at the age of sixty-one years, in great peace and holy triumph that she cried out with her expiring breath, "JESUS SAVES."

This is indeed the great truth of the gospel. Jesus came to seek and to save the lost ones. Amid all the tumult, and the strife of words, the "lo here and lo there" of the voices of religion and its varied systems, one thought and one fact stand out alone, and above everything else, namely, "Jesus Saves."

*"He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, O how great!"*

Prominent in the record of the word of God in its relation of God's scheme of redemption is the fact of Christ's dying for us in order to save us. We speak of faith and obedience and service, of keeping commandments and observing ordinances, of humbleness and being separate from the world, and many other essential virtues and doings of righteousness, yet behind all of these, and what alone gives virtue to them as far as they have virtue, is the great outstanding truth of God that CHRIST DIED FOR

OUR SINS. And *that* received and appropriated by the sinner makes such a triumphant dying possible.

The apostle who wrote most about love also wrote that the whole world—all of mankind—lieth in the wicked one, and Paul writes, "If Christ died for all, then were all dead," "dead in trespasses and sins." Among these "all" must have been she who in triumph testified with expiring breath that Jesus saves, as also every other saved one. Sometime in the yesterday of every saved person's life there must have occurred what the apostle says of the Thessalonian saints; they "turned from their idols, to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven, whom He raised from the dead, *even* Jesus, which delivered us from the wrath to come." There was the "work of faith,"—believing on Him whom the Father had sent,—the "labor of love,"—serving the living and true God,—the "patience of hope,"—waiting for Christ's return. "Repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ," brought about this wondrous change of attitude and relationship, made possible by the dying of Christ our Savior as the sinner's substitute, and His glorious and triumphant resurrection, because Paul writes that He (Christ) was delivered up for our offences and was raised again for our justification; therefore being justified.... we have peace with God, by faith.

Well may we exclaim with one, "O blessed truth! O glorious experience! Had we no Christ who saves, who gives peace and holy triumph, who gives eternal glory, what would all of life here be worth? Everything pales into shadowy insignificance apart from this—JESUS SAVES!" Yet there are so many, many, all around us, who know not this mighty Redeemer, and who apparently are completely unconcerned as to the claims of this all-sufficient Savior. Others, many, are expecting to have enough good works to their credit when they come to die that that shall open heaven's door to admit them. Others tell us they know not Jesus Christ as Savior but they expect to stand as good a chance for heaven as some others whom they know who are in the church. O vain delusions! The father of lies has many ways of deceiving the people. But, "be not deceived," for "neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved," only "the name of Jesus

Christ of Nazareth," "crucified," "raised from the dead," now at the right hand of the Majesty on high, glorified, coming again in power and great glory. O that all to whom this word comes who have not yet believed on Him who is our life, would now seek His face, receive Him, own Him, confess Him, forsake sin, and the world, and know indeed, truly, triumphantly, that "JESUS SAVES!"

Among the many new social movements for reform, of the present day, is the Boy Scout movement. It is to do wonders for the boys in way of training them to be handy, sober, kind, clean, obedient, and, in a way, religious. It is highly praised by its enthusiastic advocates, but with others there are doubts as to the eventual good to come from it. There are some good features about it, as for instance in the announcement of its principles we are informed that the Boy Scout does not smoke, is kind and courteous to all, is kind to animals, he does not swear, nor drink intoxicants, respects his parents and is obedient to his superiors, and many other moral traits, all of which are commendable. But those who are doubtful about it see in it a tendency to militarism, since in its methods of organization and work it imitates the military idea. General Baden-Powell, of Boer war fame, is the instigator of the movement, and, we believe, its acknowledged head. We also see in it the essential feature of the secret lodge idea. The boy who joins takes a vow that "he will obey all the orders of his scout master without a question, and to act as a soldier or a sailor," "and this latter too," says Dr. Silas Swallow in a recent address, "despite the teachings of the Hague Peace congress, or Mr. Taft's treaties of peace between America, England and France." This vow of unquestioning obedience is an essential feature of secrecy in the great lodge system. So that if it be true that boys who join this movement become trained in, and enamored with these two great branches of the kingdom of darkness, for "war is hell," and Christ is strictly excluded from the lodge, then the movement is rather detrimental to the kingdom of God and conducive to the progress and establishing of principles contrary to the teachings of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and must fail in accomplishing what its advocates claim for it. Of the ubiquitous lodge Dr. Swallow in his address, says: "The lodge rooms, three hundred different kinds of them in

"America, some adapted to men and some to women, have been important centers attracting the papas and mamas to homelessness. The 'jiners' have so greatly multiplied, that it is becoming difficult to find euphonic names even among the lower animals with which to distinguish them. "There are now Masons and Odd Fellows, Pythians and Pomprians, Hep-tasophs, Mystic Chains, Royal Arcanums, Mechanics, Hibernians, Woodmen and Log Rollers, Maltas and Macabees, Lambs, and Lions, Coons, and Tigers, Red Men and Brownies, Eagles and Owls, Moose and Elk, and so on to the end. If a man discharges faithfully his duty to his family, to his business, to his church, and to his country, it will so absorb his attention as to leave no time for grips and pass-words and for memorizing crudely invented secrets." The influence and power of the Secret Empire and of Militarism are certainly great in these last days, and their power of evil is the greater because they assume to be religious.

The *Middletown Press*, one of our exchanges, that enjoys the patronage of many of the rural Christian people of this and adjoining counties who hold orthodox views as regards the teaching of God's word, is pleased to introduce with quite a flourish of large head lines, to its readers, Pastor Russel. He is heralded as A PASTOR UNIQUE, and that he is known as "AMERICA'S UBIQUITOUS PREACHER." He is said to have achieved notable success in Biblical research. Some of the things he has discovered are that Christ did not bodily rise from the dead, that punishment for the wicked dead is not eternal, that those who die in their sins will have another chance, that the finally impenitent will be annihilated. In the October number of *Our Hope*, the editor, A. C. Gabelein, writes of his recent visit to Winnipeg, Man., where he spoke to an audience of about 1,000 people in the Majestic Theater on "Russellism" exposing the wicked teachings of the system. The next day a Presbyterian preacher told him that one of the wealthiest members of his church had heard Pastor Russell when he visited Winnipeg. This prominent church members told the preacher that he was deeply impressed by the meeting and what he had heard. His preacher warned him, but had no success. A short time after this same man who was captivated by Russell's teaching had to appear before the session of the church and was forced to confess

to immoralities because he had been found out. Mr. Gabelein says further in this connection that men and women who live in sin are very eager to accept a creed, which assures them that there is no judgment to come and that everlasting punishment is a myth, that he believes that many people accept these pernicious errors because they love sin, and says: "What an awful discovery they will make, when they have to face Him, who will bring the hidden things of darkness to light! What an awful discovery when they find that judgment and eternal punishment is not an invention, but a reality." We wonder whether the Christian patrons of the *Press* will consider it safe to have these teachings brought into their homes in this sly way; whether they feel it safe for their families to become familiar with and influenced by these teachings which are so comfortable to evil doers, that, according to Ezek. 13:22, *with lies strengthen the hands of the wicked, that he should not return from his wicked way, by promising him life.* Of course the proprietors of the thousands of papers wherein these Bible Lessons are published get good pay for the space occupied, but should they not be made to feel that Christian people who regard Russellism or Millennial Dawnism as a dangerous delusion may rightly resent intrusion of this kind. Some time ago the *Patriot* of this city also announced that this Unique, Ubiquitous American Preacher's Bible Study articles would be published weekly in its pages.

If it be the will of the heavenly Father, the editor may be absent from his office for several weeks after October 19. A decision of Conference of 1911, makes it the duty of the Home Mission Board to have the several city missions of the church visited by a member of the Board during the conference year. Consequently we, as chairman of the Board, have been requested to visit Chicago and Des Moines Missions, and we have decided to leave home on the 19th inst., and go by way of Carland, Mich., hoping to attend the love feast at that place on the 21st, and then go to Des Moines, and Chicago. We will likely be in Des Moines over Sunday, October 29, and in Chicago over the following Sunday, November 5. We certainly are not anxious to undertake this journey, and only do so by request of the other members of the committee appointed to see that this decision of conference is carried out.

We trust our brethren and sisters of the Board will not forget to pray for us.

It appears that a good many districts of the Brotherhood are very slow in carrying out some of the decisions of conference. In our issue of August 21, we made inquiry as to whether those in authority in the districts had noticed in Conference Minutes, page 106, section 6, something that claimed their attention. That the Treasurer of the Home Mission Board had up to that time heard from only three districts. And it appears that the matter is still held back, as Bro. Kitley has written us that he has not yet received any of the amount due him. The amount due him is not large and the decision of conference was that each district contribute a small sum, sending it to the Treasurer of the Home Mission Board, A. O. Zook, Abilene, Kans. Any amount remaining when Bro. Kitley has been paid was to remain in the Home Mission Treasury. Now Bro. Zook cannot carry out his part of the transaction unless the districts carry out theirs. We therefore appeal to the districts yet delinquent to attend to this matter at once (see Conference Minutes, page 106, section 6) and so enable the Treasurer to send the relief to Bro. Kitley without delay. Bro. Kitley needs the relief as his health is poor rendering him unable to make his living.

Our October 30 issue must be sent out during our absence from home. In order that it may not be delayed we have to prepare all the matter for it before we leave home on the 19th. We will therefore prepare whatever contributed matter we may have on hand up to about October 18th. Whatever comes later will of necessity have to wait for the November 6 number. We hope there may nothing suffer through this arrangement as it is the best we can do under the circumstances.

Funny, isn't it, how we sometimes overreach ourselves and make ourselves ridiculous in our eagerness to prove our position on some disputed question and so overcome the other fellow? A writer in an exchange, recently discoursed on the "BIBLE MODE OF BAPTISM." The writer had made an address on this theme at some place where it was uphill work to advocate pouring as being the Bible mode, but it was undertaken bravely and carried to a satisfactory issue to him, or herself. That the Bible

definition for baptism is pouring is proved beyond a doubt, to the one who proves it. It is conceded by the writer that the case in Acts 8:38 where Philip baptized the eunuch, may be claimed as a case of immersion since they both "came up out of the water," but we are counseled to notice that both Philip and the eunuch came up out of the water, and concludes, if that meant immersion for the convert it also meant immersion for the preacher. So we are to understand that two persons cannot go down into the water and there one of them immerse, baptize, the other, and they both come up out of the water without them both getting under the water. Funny, isn't it? Sisch mir aw schun so gange.

Special information from Moore-town Center, Mich., through Sr. Long tells of the serious illness of Sr. Mary A. Vandever with slight hopes of recovery. Sister Vandever has been a sufferer for many years and in this time of special trial needs the prayers of the saints, as does also the small class of members at that place. Sr. Long informs her friends that her address is still Longview, Pottstown, Pa.

*"Jesus nimmt die Sünder an
Sagt doch dieses Trostwort Allen,
Die noch auf verkehrter Bahn
Und auf Sünderwegen wallen;
Hier ist, was sie retten kann,
Jesus nimmt die Sünder an!"*

So sings the poet, and it is a most glorious truth, but who cares for it in our days? The Y. M. C. A. secretary told his audience recently that years ago it was an easy matter to get unsaved men to the meetings, but at present it is a most difficult matter to get such to come to religious services. In testing the men's meeting on a recent Sunday when several hundred men were present nearly all stood up as being believers. It is necessary to go after them and persuade them to come. Meetings in general have few besides professedly Christian attendants, and it is becoming increasingly difficult to find any who appreciate the fact that Jesus receives the sinner and is ready to save if they will only come to Him. Other things intrude and wholly take up the attention of the people, and since many accept the delusive teaching of a "Larger Hope," they chose to risk it on that line. The time of a falling away is upon us, and in due time the Antichrist will be here. Let us work while it is day for the night cometh.

The editor of *The Vanguard* has this to say, and it accords with what we have tried to say, "The most awfully alarming thing is that lost souls are 'not alarmed. A strange soul-stupor 'is stealing in and settling upon the 'unsaved on every side. The professional preachers are easily luring the 'unrepentant into a cheap profession 'and into the pale of their popular 'churches, and sinking them to hell 'sound asleep. They are dallying 'with convictions, and are drifting, 'drifting down to death eternal."

We are anxious to find two hundred new subscribers for the VISITOR. We offer to credit each new subscriber for a year to January, 1913. A goodly number of renewals are now due and we hope they will come promptly, bringing with them many new names. Shall this hope be realized? It can if we try. Let us try.

Bro. Peter Stover, 3426 North Second street, Philadelphia, Pa., wishes to inform the VISITOR family that Sr. Laura Sharp has a little girl, three months old, for whom a home is sought in a good Christian family. Address as above for further information.

A love feast is announced to be held at Valley Chapel, Stark county, Ohio, on November 4 and 5. Meeting commences at 10 a. m. on the 4th. A general invitation is extended.

A brief communication from the aged Elder W. O. Baker of Louisville, Ohio, informs us that he is enjoying quite good health considering the burden of years which he carries.

Power of Little Things.

A traveler on the dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree;
The door mouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary man might turn.
He walled it in and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed of love,
But judged that toil might drink.

A nameless man amid the crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of truth and love
Unstudied from the heart;
It cheered a weary one to hope
When all of earth was lost;
It cast a glory on life's way,
It saved a soul from death.

O gem of life, O fount of love,
O thought at random cast;
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

—Author Unknown.—Sel. by W. R. Smith.

NEWS OF CHURCH ACTIVITY

IN THE

HOME AND FOREIGN FIELDS

Addresses of Missionaries.

Africa.

H. P. Steigerwald, Grace Steigerwald, Mary Heisey, Cora Alvis, Matopo Mission, Bulawayo, South Africa.

Myron and Ada Taylor, H. Frances Davidson, Choma, N. W. Rhodesia, South Africa.

Harvey J. and Emma Frey, Elizabeth Engle, Walter Winger, Abbie M. Winger, Mtshabezi Mission, Gwanda, Rhodesia, South Africa.

Isaac O. and A. Alice Lehman, box 116, Fordsburg, Transvaal, South Africa.

Levi Doner, Sallie Doner, Louis B. Steckley, Sadie Book, Selukwe, S. Rhodesia, South Africa, care Levi Doner.

The following are not under the F. M. B.: Jesse R. and Malinda Eyster, Germiston, Transvaal, South Africa.

India.

A. L. and Mrs. A. L. Musser, Maggie Landis, No. 11 Beckbagan Lane, Ballygunj P. O., Calcutta, India.

The following are not under the F. M. B.: D. W. and Mrs. D. W. Zook, Raghunathpur, P. O., Manbhoom Dist., India.

Elmina Hoffman, Kedgaon, Poona Dist., Ramabai Home, India.

Mrs. Fannie Fuller, Gowalia, Tank Road, Bombay, India.

Central America.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Cassel, San Marcos, Guatemala, C. A.

Our City Missions.

Philadelphia Mission, 3423 North Second street, in charge of brother H. B. Burkholder and wife.

Buffalo, N. Y., Mission, 25 Hawley street, in charge of Brother George Whisler and Sister Effie Whisler.

Chicago Mission, 6039 Halstead street. In charge of Sister Sarah Bert, Brother B. L. Brubaker and Sister Nancy Shirk.

Des Moines, Iowa, Mission, 1226 W. 11th street. In charge of Eld. J. R. and Sister Anna Zook.

Jabbok Orphanage, Thomas, Okla., in charge of E. N. and Adella Engle, R. R. No. 3, Box 1.

San Francisco Mission, 52 Cumberland St., in charge of Sr. Lizzie Winger and workers.

Love Feasts.

Pennsylvania.

Gratersford, Nov. 18, 19.
Come to Pottstown by train; thence by trolley to Trappe.

Mechanicsburg, Oct. 21, 22.
Souderton, Oct. 28, 29.
All are invited.

Oklahoma.

Thomas, Bethany M. H., Nov. 4, 5.

Michigan.

Carland, Oct. 20, 21.

Kansas.

Newbern, October 21, 22.
Zion, Nov. 4, 5.
Abilene, Nov. 18, 19.
Ministerial meeting at Abilene, Nov. 17.

Communion services are announced for the Rapho, Pa., district:

Manheim, Nov. 4.

Also at Mowersville in the North Franklin district, on October 28, 29.

Services begin at 5 p. m. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

San Francisco Mission.

Report from August 24, to Sept. 24, 1911.

To the readers of the EVANGELICAL VISITOR, Greeting: The Lord said to His disciples upon one occasion, "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." This, at once an entreaty and a command, was said that they might be made sensible of the great need of this world, and that a personal and heartfelt interest might be awakened in them for that need. And because there is more required to reap the harvest than just to "look" upon it, He added another command: "Go into all the world." We are convinced of this one thing, that if more of God's children would obey the first command, there would be more obeying the second.

The mission has been blessed of God much during the past month, in every way. We thank all those who have so liberally donated to the Lord's work here. Above all, we are glad and rejoice to see the Spirit move upon the hearts of the people, and while the great majority turn away, a few are willing to take the way with the Lord. Surely the days are evil, and the thought of men is evil continually, just as it was in Bible times. In a great cosmopolitan city like this, this is especially true. But God be thanked, there are a few of God's children here, who love Him with all their hearts, and who faithfully hold up the banner of salvation.

We welcomed the company and help of a number of acquaintances who stopped with us several days on their way through the city. Their Christian fellowship was much enjoyed, and their words of encouragement strengthened the workers in their labors. Continue to pray that souls may find the Savior.

*Financial.***DONATIONS.**

Brother A. W. Wingert, Chambersburg, Pa., \$5; Zion Sunday-school, Abilene, Kans., \$31.21; Fairview Sunday-school, Englewood, Ohio, \$10.21; Free-will offerings at hall, \$30.14. Total, \$76.56.

EXPENDITURES.

Table supplies, \$10.16; home and hall expenses, \$9.70; one month hall rent, \$50. Total, \$69.86.

Balance on hand Aug. 24, 1911, \$13.43
Balance on hand Sept. 24, 1911, 20.13

THE SAN FRANCISCO MISSION WORKERS.

Des Moines Mission.

Report for month of September, 1911.

Grace, mercy and peace be multiplied to all the saints in Christ Jesus. Amen. We owe much gratitude to God, our heavenly Father, for His vouchsafed promises of mercy and help.

Our down-town meetings are, as a rule, well attended, and the interest is excellent. Almost every night there are seekers at the altar or requests for prayers. About two weeks ago, in the Sunday afternoon meeting, a bright young man of about twenty-five years of age arose and made a very humble confession of his sinful life, and then came forward and with another young man of about the same age, knelt at the altar. After praying and agonizing a while with God he reached back into his hip pocket and drew out a whiskey flask half full of distilled damnation and handed

it to me. At once he dug down into another pocket and delivered a package of cigarettes. Then he began to twist and pull at one of his fingers and suddenly he threw off a gold ring, which was number three on the pile of debris. It was but a short period when he apparently exercised a living faith in the atoning blood of Calvary, and found peace and pardon. When we arose from the altar he gave a beautiful testimony, also confessing how the devil led him into sin step by step.

Another man, married, having a Christian wife, was brought under conviction and yielded to God. While on his knees he confessed that he was the black sheep of their family and that his father had been a preacher for many years and lived till ninety years of age. His father being blind, thus, his boy, was obliged to read much of the Bible to him; and we were surprised how he could quote the Word. He gives evidence of a genuine confession speaking out against all manner of sin. A lady friend who came with him and his wife to the Mission, was also converted on the same night.

Quite a number of dissipated men frequent the altar; some seem to get help, others appear to be so weak and far gone that they fail to grasp the strong arm of God through our loving Saviour. Others only have temporal help in view. So, you see, we have all manner of people to deal with.

A week ago last Sunday night we had a searching message on heart-purity, and a man of good standing in his church, who was present with his wife, was brought under powerful conviction, and without personal solicitation came forward to the altar and sought God for pardon and purity. He arose and confessed that he had been located in the message, that he had been unfaithful to his own, dear wife, and in other matters as well, but he went down, down, down until he struck rock-bottom, and now he and his wife both enjoy the sharp cutting of the Sword of the Spirit, the word of God, and are happy and free. Just last night there were three at the altar, among them was a young man who had never professed religion before. He was steeped in sin so you could smell it on his breath without approaching him closely. He seemed very sincere and made a good profession after earnest prayer in repentance. I only give you a few cases that you may have some idea of the work being done in the Des Moines Mission, and that you will know better how to pray for us. Remember, every night at 7.30 on Sunday night, and 8 o'clock p. m. during the week, the mission opens here in the city, and it stands for the full gospel of Jesus Christ.

We reside about two miles from the Mission Hall, and that is one reason that street-car expenses, etc., have increased, it being too far to walk. We are sorry to report a deficit of \$40.25, but if we would charge up for house rental and wear and tear of carpets and other house furniture, and clothing, etc., it would be more than twice the present expense.

Think of it—a person being out in mission work every night to 10 and 11 o'clock, and preach sometimes four and six times a week, month after month, with many other heavy responsibilities which such a work, with church work local, and also general church work, make incumbent.

May the Lord show us all how we can help to bear one another's burdens and thus fulfill the law of love.

C. I. Linkey's have moved to Upland, Cal. Sister Linkey, of Springfield, mother of C. I., made us a pleasant visit and accompanied her children to their western home. May the Lord's richest blessing rest upon them. Bro. Max Mahler's intend to re-locate in Des Moines in the early spring. They certainly will receive a hearty welcome. Others of our people contemplate locating here some time in the near future. Des Moines is a thrifty city and furnishes many opportunities to make a livelihood and more. When you think of changing locations, please consider Des Moines, Ia.

*Financial.***RECEIPTS DURING THE MONTH.**

Andrew Gnagy, Benton, Ia., \$3; Bro. and Sr. Reeter, Dekota, Ill., \$5; H. L. Trump, Polo, Ill., \$1. Total, \$9.

EXPENSES.

For gas and fuel, \$5; for car fare and incidentals, \$6.25; groceries and other eatables, \$29.50; for fruit, etc., to can for winter use, \$8.50. Total, \$49.25.
Bal. due Mission, October 1, 1911, ..\$40.25

Yours in the vineyard of the Lord,

C. R. AND ANNA ZOOK.

P. S. Our Poor Fund needs replenishing for this winter. Send donations for that purpose to Anna Zook.

Love Feast at Springvale, Ont.

Dear readers of the VISITOR. Greetings in the Master's name. We are pleased to report to those of the Brethren who were not able to be with us a good spiritual time. Although the week was wet and stormy, Saturday dawned bright and clear. A number of brothers and sisters were here from other places. We received many encouraging and uplifting thoughts from the ministering brethren. Their sermons were full of power and inspiration and the unsaved were earnestly pleaded with to come to the Savior. God's Holy Spirit was felt in the Saturday evening services. Our band here is but small and we ask all the brethren who know the worth of prayer to remember us at the throne of grace that we may ever be at the place where the Master can make the best use of us.

Wishing you all God's blessing,

I remains, yours,

WALPOLE CORRESPONDENT.

October 10, 1911.

Howick, Ont.

The lovefeast as announced for Howick on September 30 has been celebrated and was a time of real spiritual refreshment to our souls. Thus we were reminded again that the promise still holds good that where two or three meet in Jesus' name He will be there in their midst. We thank God for His loving acknowledgment of our humble efforts in showing our love to Him in obeying His commandments. And may those communion seasons ever be a means in God's hand to stay our hearts more fixedly on the theme and work of the atonement. And as we partake of the emblems of our Savior's broken body and shed blood, may we become more solemnly impressed with the fact that the price of our redemption was so great that none other than the Son of God only could pay.

Our esteemed Bro. and Eld. John Wild-

fong, of Hespeler, Ont., was with us and broke the word to us. Though he is somewhat weak bodily, yet in spirit he is strong.

JOHN REICHARD.

Fordwich, Ont.

Philadelphia Mission.

Report from September 11 to October 8, 1911.

FINANCIAL.

Balance on hand,\$14.76.

Receipts.

A sister, Harrisburg, Pa., 50c; a brother and sisters, Mt. Joy, Pa., \$3; In His Name, \$5; a sister, N. Franklin, Pa., \$25; a brother, N. Franklin, Pa., \$2; cash, \$16; offerings, \$7.15. Total, \$73.41.

Expenses.

Provisions, \$35.28; gass, \$5.75; poor, etc., \$7.86. Total, \$49.89.

Balance on hand,\$23.52.

Shippensburg, Pa., 2 bbls. cabbage, pumpkins and sweet potatoes; 1 bag cornmeal, 1 box dried corn, apple butter and some other things.

A sister and brother, Philadelphia, Pa., tomatoes, beans, rhubarb and other vegetables.

May God bless the givers.

If any of the VISITOR readers have clothing to spare and would send them to us we could make many hearts glad, as there are many who are destitute and must face the Winter's cold. They come to us for help.

H. B. BURKHOLDER AND WIFE.

3423 North Second St.

The Coming Love Feast at Upland, Cal.

To all the saints, greeting: "Praise ye the Lord: for it is good to sing praises unto our God; for it is pleasant; and praise is comely." We feel like adding as the Psalmist says at another place, "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

The Brethren have decided to hold a love feast on the 4th and 5th of November. The brethren and sisters extend a hearty invitation to all to visit us on this occasion. We especially urge all who are contemplating a trip West this Winter to so arrange as to meet with us to keep the Lord's Supper.

Cheaper rates go in effect in the Fall, which will be of some advantage to those who expect to visit us at this time.

Quite a few brethren and sisters from different parts of the East have been visiting us lately. Some will make their home here.

ISAAC D. KRIESS, Cor.

A Visit Among the Brethren.

Greetings to all. It is quite a long time since I wrote anything for the VISITOR, but now I will write again and give an account of my visit.

I want to thank God for the joy and peace that flows over my soul like a river. Sometimes it brings with it a shout of hallelujah. The things of this world have no charms for me, but give me Christ and the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, and the word, and you may take the world with all it brings to you. But give me Christ with all it brings to my heart and life. I can't express the joys of my life in words, but oh, hallelujah, it's better felt than told.

I came from Philadelphia to Mount Joy on Saturday afternoon, and went to Bro. Eli Engle's, where I met Bro. E. W. Tyson for the first time. Shortly after my arrival there we all went to Bro. Levi Musser's for an evening meeting. We were

served with a fine lunch which we appreciated very much. A large number were out and we had a good meeting. Bro. S. R. Smith, Bro. Tyson and other ministers were present over Sunday at Cross Roads, where the meeting was on Sunday morning and evening. Sister Rebecca Krikorian, an Armenian sister from Aintab, Turkey, gave us some fine messages Saturday evening and Sunday, also Bro. Smith and others. There was sweet fellowship with the saints.

I stayed at Florin a few days. Bro. J. Hershey took me out into the country to his farm where one of his sons lives, then to his other son, Bro. Ephraim Hershey, for dinner,—a stone house two hundred years old. On the way there the brother took me to see an old tree, church, monument and chair, the chair two hundred years old. O, how I enjoyed and appreciated that trip through the country. May God bless the brother for his kindness.

Tuesday evening found us at a cottage meeting at Florin. On Thursday I made a number of short calls at Mount Joy, and attended a cottage meeting in the evening. Bro. Tyson was with us. On Friday I visited at Bro. David Engle's, and called at some other homes. On Saturday and Sunday morning I attended meeting at Mount Pleasant, where we had good meetings. On Monday I returned to Florin to Bro. Levi Sheets. On Tuesday I cut some sweet corn and got out some sweet potatoes for him. Attended a cottage meeting at Bro. H. Sheets' in the evening. Bro. Tyson was with us and gave a short message. Stopped over night with Bro. Levi Muma, which I enjoyed. Made a number of short calls on Wednesday then took car for Elizabethtown and went to Elder A. Martin's.

A little drive in the evening over town I appreciated much. On Thursday Bro. Martin took me to see our new church which was built in 1910. It's a nice one with a fine basement with tables for love-feast. In the afternoon, the elder took me out to his farm where his son lives, and from there to Bro. J. N. Martin's for the night, and with them in the evening to the United Zion's church for the prayer-meeting; it was fine. There I met Bro. Martin, and Sr. Fannie Brinser (she that was Fannie Nye). I had met her in Des Moines, Iowa. On Friday I went out in the country to their home, where he, and his brother, John, are running a dairy farm. I had a fine visit with them, and enjoyed their fellowship and hospitality very much. Bro. John Brinser is a minister in the Zion church.

Saturday, back to Elizabethtown and called on Bro. Coble, who took me to the station in his auto, where I took the train for Harrisburg.

On Sunday morning Bro. Detwiler gave the message; afternoon, at the Y. M. C. A., where Rev. Yates preached with power; one young man started for the kingdom. In the evening Bros. D. W. Brehm and Garman gave messages; good meetings all day. On Monday evening I called on Bro. Brehm, and had a fine visit. In the prayer service the Lord came in power, and touched both soul and body, praise His name. Tuesday evening I was at a cottage meeting at Bro. G. Hurst's. Wednesday I went to Grantham, and was at the chapel for evening meeting. On Thursday there was a meeting of the Bible School Board, when

I met Bro. Eli Engle, Bishop Oberholser and others. On Friday I went to see the new Bible School building. Bro. Wiebe took me through it. It's a fine building. Saturday, back to Harrisburg. Attended a cottage meeting in the evening at Bro. Hammaker's. Sunday was a great day to my soul. In the morning service the Lord came with power, and there was a shout in the camp, hallelujah. Bro. Detwiler gave the message. In the afternoon at the Y. M. C. A., we had a feast of fat things, when Bro. Yates again gave us a wonderful message. One man rose for prayers.

Bro. Garman and others held a meeting on the Capitol ground. We also had a song service in Bro. Garman's home which I enjoyed very much. In the evening we had another good meeting; a praise service, then messages by Bros. Garman and Brehm. As I write of the great Sunday meetings my heart wells up with hallelujahs, to His holy name.

I want to thank the brethren for their kindness and hospitality all through the visit. I greatly appreciated your hospitality and fellowship, and your Christ-like acts. May God richly bless you all, is my prayer. I request the prayers of the saints that God may restore me to complete health. The Lord has wonderfully touched and built me up during the past three weeks, and He shall have all the glory. My heart is full of praise to God for the way He has cared for me. I can report victory over the world, the flesh and the devil, in and through the blood of Christ. Hallelujah, my heart is filled with praises for the wonderful blessings I am receiving at His hands. I love the real old-time salvation which brings with it the Holy Ghost fire and power.

Yours for the lost of earth.

AMOS C. HIGGINS.

"Give diligence to make your calling and election sure."—II. Pet. i. 10.

A Little Journey.

I started Life's wearisome journey
With a heart full of joy and delight;
The path stretching smoothly before me
Seemed glowing with radiance bright:
And all through the short years of childhood

I sang in a jubilant strain,
And the song held no cadence of sadness—
But ne'er could I sing it again.

One day, feeling languid and weary,
I paused just to rest for awhile,
But Youth brought its strength and its sweetness,

And led me away with a smile;
We traveled in gladness together,
It seemed but a short blissful stage;
Then my footsteps grew slow and I stumbled,

And Youth left me leaning on Age.

We trotted along for a season
O'er a pathway now rough to the tread,
But I lifted my eyes to a mountain
That loomed in the distance ahead,
And I knew in my soul I must reach it,
And climb to its uttermost dome;
For its crown was the kingdom of glory,
Where the sunlight of God ever shone.

So I climber ever higher and higher,
Till at last came the end of the quest.
For a voice of ineffable sweetness
Bade me enter the Mansions of Rest:
And just as I crossed o'er the threshold,
I paused to look back o'er the past;
Then I saw that Earth's devious pathway
Led straight into heaven at last.

—Sel. by Delilah Kreider.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

A Tale of the Years.

BY W. R. SMITH.

For more than sixty years I have been a pilgrim traveling through the valley of this life. Like others that have preceded me, I have found the journey one of many changes, with countless dangers on either side. A land of clouds and sunshine, joys and sorrows intermingled. How swiftly the years have taken their flight into the silent past never to return.

Onward ever onward, seems to be the whole language of God's vast creation. Looking back along the line of years, how wonderful the way appears; an unseen hand has surely been directing my footsteps along the unknown way and preserved me from countless snares and pitfalls. Many who once walked with me in the early days of my pilgrimage have passed on to the land ahead, and their earthly remains are now peacefully resting in the little mounds along the wayside.

As I now recal these departed ones that I once knew as friends and loved ones, they number more than the living I now know.

*"So many voices have been hushed,
So many songs have ceased for aye;
So many hands I use to clasp,
Are folded over hearts of clay."*

*"They have faded and gone to the
land of the blest,
Like the last lingering hues of the
even;
Reclining their heads on the dear
Savior's breast,
They have gone to their own native
heaven."*

For nearly forty years I have been walking on the heaven side of the "Wondrous Cross, on which the Prince of Glory died." And I now rejoice that so early in life I experienced its power to save, and a dying Savior's love. I have found the precious name of Jesus a shield and help to sustain and guide me in the night of deepest gloom. A Friend that has never forsaken me in all my wanderings. A Solid Rock in whose sheltering shade I have found rest and comfort along the desert way. One on whom all of my hopes and joys for time and eternity are centered.

I am now rapidly going down the Western slope of life; the greater part of the journey is behind me: the shadows are growing longer in the valley, as the sun of my earth life

nears the horizon. More than ever do I realize that this world is not my abiding place, but that I am only a pilgrim going home to my Father's home above. And while passing through the shadowy vale here below, yet the mountain tops are gleaming from peak to peak with God's everlasting love, and by faith I behold the land beyond the sunset portals of this life where I soon shall rest. Yes,

*"There is land ahead;
Its fruits are waving
O'er the fields of fadeless green,
And its peaceful waters laving
Shores where heavenly forms are
seen."*

Fredonia, Kan., R. 2.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.

The Law of Salvation Success.

BY A. L. MUSSER.

(Continued.)

HARMONY.

All through love, and love's manifestations, there exists flowing motion and harmony. Everything in the heavenly universe is in unceasing action. There is a heavenly universal vibratory movement visible everywhere. From anything extremely small and the minute portions of matter composing the small things, there is constant, unceasing vibration and motion in love to the Creator for their existence. And from this constant motion, and running through its entire manifestation, there is visible a constant and unchangeable law of flowing motion. Just as there is a flowing motion visible in nature, so is there a flowing motion in divine love. And from that flowing motion proceeds that which is called Harmony.

You have heard of the wonderful force concealed in the science of flowing motion and harmony between God and Joshua. You have read of the instance in which the mighty walls of Jericho were shattered by the note of the seven priests' trumpets of ram's horns, and the shout of many people in an uninterrupted flowing motion and harmony. It seems almost surpassing belief, but must direct our minds to one more instance of the flowing motion and harmony between God and the church when St. Peter was imprisoned by a wicked king. The harmony was so great throughout the church that God delivered St. Peter by the hands of His angel.

Gospel science teaches us that even our heavenly Father and our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, will come and make their abode with us while

we are living in this house of clay. Moreover, it also teaches that great peace will be given, not as the world giveth. If one wishes to have great peace and harmony one must first ascertain the keynote of the entire heavenly building and then manage to start into motion. Constantly sounding the keynote over and over again until the great merciful Father hears and catches the motion and man begins to rejoice.

"Constantly sounding the keynote," that is it. If we could but "sound the keynote" of love's great flowing motion and harmony, we could accomplish anything. And this is not such a wild dream as might be supposed at first glance. Remember, that "In quietness there is strength." Every Christian who is ambitious and has heaven as a definite object should take a few minutes off each day, and sit alone, giving himself or herself a chance to think, meditate and allow the great flowing motion and harmony of love to flow through his or her cleared mind, and in this way gain renewed strength and energy. It is in these quiet moments, when the temptations are made less severe and the mind is in peace.

I desire to give here a few directions for entering into harmony with the heavenly universal flowing motion of love: First, our mental attitude must be right. We must have gained control of our thoughts and words, so that the mind is open and receptive to the great good of the soul. Second, there must be no hatred in the soul, no discouragement, no temper of mind that looks too much on the dark side of things, no negative, flattering, worm-of-the-dust or poverty thought. Our frame of mind must be that of good-will, encouragement with positive thoughts expecting good soul health and prosperity, and all the good things that man is entitled to by right of his sonship through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour.

(To be continued.)

11 Beckbagan Lane, Ballygunj P. O., Calcutta, India.

In life's dark, depressing moods we should resolutely call a halt and challenge our souls: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me?" Whatever the answer of the soul to the challenge may be, the one thing to say is this: "Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance and my God."—The Evangelical.

For the EVANGELICAL VISITOR.
Is This Your Case.

By L. WIER SHRADLEY.

A few months ago there was a little girl of about four years of age playing along the tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad near Altoona, Pa. Her mother, not knowing where her child was, and hearing a series of short, sharp blasts of a locomotive, looked around to make sure her child was safe, and discovered that the child was sitting in the middle of the tracks while one of the Pennsylvania Railroad fliers was bearing down upon her. The train had just rounded a curve, which prevented the engineer from seeing the child sooner, but he was doing all in his power to stop the train, but it was plainly evident that he would not be able to stop the train in time to save the child. The mother, seeing this, ran toward her little girl in frantic despair, but a man jumped out from behind a box car and roughly pushed her back and then jumped directly in front of the fast train, picked the child and threw her off the tracks out of the way, but was unable to get off the track himself in time to escape injury. The train struck him with terrific force, and knocked him fully one hundred feet. The train was brought to a standstill and the man was found to be living, although unconscious. They asked the mother if she knew him and she replied that she did not. They then asked her if she would allow them to carry him into her house until they could summon doctors, and she replied, "Why, no, I never saw the man before to-day." At this one lady in the crowd offered to take the man into her house. The offer was accepted and the stranger was gently placed on a stretcher, and tenderly carried to the kind lady's house. A few days after, one of the neighbors asked the little girl's mother how the man was that had saved her child. "I don't know," was her answer. "Didn't he save your little girl?" "Yes, but he's a stranger to me." A few more days passed and the man died without regaining consciousness, and as there was no means of identification about him, there was a subscription taken up in the town to give him decent burial, but the mother did not contribute anything. Her neighbor asked her if she was not going to the funeral. "Why, no," she replied, "the man's a stranger to me; I never knew him until a few days ago, and I don't want to have anything to do with him." Thus she repudiated the man who had saved her child from

a horrible death. You, who read this, will most likely exclaim: "How could a person be so mean?" Yet you, who are not saved, I say search yourselves and see if you are not doing the very same thing. Our Saviour, Jesus Christ, was sent down to this wicked earth of ours, by our heavenly Father from above, to suffer ridicule, pain and agony to save us from hell: something far worse than death. There He was, nailed to the cross, suffering untold agony for three hours, and dying the most ignominious death that there was, to save us poor sinners. Yet you, the unsaved ones, repudiate Him, and say, "He's a stranger to me; why should I please Him?" Is not this much worse than the mother's case referred to above. Moreover He holds out the blessed invitation: "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." What more do you want? Yet you say, "He's a stranger to me; I never knew Him." The best thing you can do is to get acquainted with Him, and the sooner the better.

And a good many of you who are saved are acting in pretty much the same way. You say, "Yes, I know He died to save me, and I am glad to know that I have a Saviour." And this is as far as it goes. Jesus wants us to go farther than that. He does not save us for the sake of eternal life alone. He saves us for service. He says, "Ye are my witnesses," and also, "He that witnesseth of me, I will in no wise cast out." And how many of us are engaged in the Lord's work? To be in His service does not mean that if we dress plain and go to meeting that that is all that is required of us. Just putting on the outer garb will not save us. Jesus wants us to put the garb on our heart. He commands us to go out in the highways and the byways and bring the sinners in, and not to sit in meeting and wait for the sinners to come to us. He, who suffered on the cross doing so much for us, and then we are not willing to please Him. When you think it over, do you not feel ashamed of yourself. I do. I feel as much ashamed of myself as that mother should have been ashamed of herself for not helping the stranger that saved her child. I know one who is a member of the church and who goes to Sunday-school and church on Sunday, and goes to the weekly prayer meeting, and I have never known that member to speak about the Bible or of Jesus Christ when outside of meeting. Yet that member professes to be a child of God. My prayer for those professors of that kind, is,

that God may open their eyes to true service. Now let all of us, who are delinquent, make a new start in the service of our Lord and Master and resolve to do better and more efficient work than we have in the past.

42 N. Twelfth St., Harrisburg, Pa.

What Is a Call?

A vision of need has impelled many of the great missionaries.

William Carey said that his call was an open Bible before an open map of the world.

Robert Morrison faced the question of his lifework in a heroic manner. "Jesus, I give myself to thy service. The question with me is, Where shall I serve? I consider 'the world' as the 'field' where Thy servants must labor. When I view the field I perceive that by far the greater part is entirely without laborers, or at least has but one or two, while there are thousands crowded up in one corner. My desire is to engage where laborers are most wanted."

Mary Lyon, the founder of Mount Holyoke College, and for twelve years its principal, was wont to say, "To know the need should prompt the deed."

Bishop Tucker, of Uganda, left the secluded artist's studio for the work of Christ. He had been painting the picture of a poor woman thinly clad and pressing a babe to her bosom, wandering homeless on a stormy night in a dark, deserted street. As the picture grew, the artist suddenly threw down his brush, exclaiming, "Instead of merely painting the lost, I will go out and save them."

James Gilmour, of Mongolia, decided the question of his field of labor by the logic of common sense. "Is the kingdom a harvest field? Then I thought it reasonable to seek work where the need was greatest and the workers fewest."

Ion Keith-Falconer, a man of most brilliant attainments, son of a peer, rich, one of our greatest athletes, Cambridge University reader in Arabic, said: "A call—what is a call? A call is a need, a need made known and the power to meet that need."—*Evangel.—Sel. by Sis. Katie Burkholder.*

Can a person who is truly born of God be a child of God to-day, child of the devil to-morrow and next year again a child of God? Remember our fellowship and communion may change frequently but *not so with our relationship.*—*Sel.*

Fed by Ravens.

"The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruise of oil fail." (I Kings 17:14.)

In Mrs. Howard Taylor's address at the annual meeting of the China Inland Mission, as reported in *China's Millions*, she related the following experience of one of the Chinese converts:

"Soon after Mr. Li's conversion he heard an impressive sermon from Mr. Stanley Smith upon the words, '*Covetousness which is idolatry.*' He was greatly concerned to think that, having given up idolatry, he might be betrayed into the same sin through allowing a covetous spirit to have any place in his heart. *To avoid this danger he determined to keep no money of his own and to possess no property.* His little house and farm he handed over to his nephew, and devoted himself entirely to making known the gospel, sustained by the simple hospitality of those to whom he ministered, and to whom his prayers brought help and healing for body as well as soul. *His labours were wonderfully owned of God, and resulted in building up a church in the Yohyang district, which he has long shepherded with loving care.* As time went on he opened a refuge for the cure of opium smokers, and in this way also was made a blessing to many. This work, of course, could not be carried on without expense, and *there were times when supplies ran short, and dear old Li was enabled to prove in very special ways the faithfulness of God.*

"After some years a breath of what we may call, perhaps, 'higher criticism' reaches this far-away province, and the old man heard in connection with the story of Elijah's being fed by ravens that they were not real birds that brought the bread and meat, but some kind of dark-skinned people, probably Arabs, who shared with him their supplies, for it was absurd to suppose that birds would ever act in the way described. It would be miraculous. But this way of explaining the matter did not at all commend itself to the old man's simple faith. *Miracles were no difficulty to him. He had seen far too often the wonder-working power of God put forth in answer to prayer.* And, besides, in this very connection he had an experience which no amount of arguing could gainsay. The story has been so carefully verified on the spot, by Mr. Lutley and others, that one has no hesitation in passing it on, strange as it may seem to our ears.

At one time in his Refuge work, old Li had come to an end of all his resources. There were no patients coming for treatment; the Refuge was empty; his supplies were exhausted, and his faith was a good deal tried. Quite near by, in the large temple of the village, lived a cousin who was priest-in-charge, and who when he came to see his relative from time to time would bring a little present of bread or millet from his ample store. The old man on receiving these gifts would always say, '*T'ien-Fu-tih entien*'—'*My Heavenly Father's grace*'—*Meaning that it was through the care and kindness of God that these gifts were brought.* But the priest did not approve of that way of looking at it, and at last remonstrated:

"Where does your heavenly Father's grace come in, I should like to know? The millet is mine. I bring it to you. And if I did not, you would very soon starve for all that He would care. He has nothing at all to do with it."

"But it is my heavenly Father who puts it into your heart to care for me," replied old Li.

"Oh, that's all very well," interrupted the priest. "We shall see what will happen if I bring the millet no more." And for a week or two he kept away; although his better nature prompted him to care for the old man whom he could not but esteem for the works of mercy in which he was constantly engaged.

"As it happened, this was just the time in which dear Old Li was especially short of supplies. *At last there came a day when he had nothing left for another meal.* The Refuge was still empty, and he had not the cash to buy a morsel of bread. *Kneeling alone in his room, he poured out his heart in prayer to God.* He knew very well that the Father in heaven would not, could not, forget him; and after pleading for blessing on his work, he reminded the Lord of what the priest had said, asking that for the honour of His own great name, He would send him that day his daily bread.

"Then and there the answer came. While the old man was still kneeling he heard an unusual clamour and cawing and flapping of wings in the courtyard outside, and a noise as of something falling to the ground. He rose, and went to the door to see what was happening. A number of vultures or ravens, which are common in that part of China, were flying about in great commotion above him, and as he looked up a large piece of fat

pork fell at his feet. One of the birds, chased by the others, had dropped it just at that moment on that spot. Thankfully the old man took up the unexpected portion, saying, '*My heavenly Father's kindness.*' And then glancing about him to see what had fallen before he came out, *he discovered a large piece of Indian meal bread, all cooked and ready for eating. Another bird had dropped that also; and there was his dinner bountifully provided.* Evidently the ravens had been on a foraging expedition, and, overtaken by strange birds, had let go their booty. But whose hand had guided them to relinquish their prize right above his little courtyard?

"With a wondering heart, overflowing with joy, the dear old man kindled a fire to prepare the welcome meal; and while the pot was still boiling, the door opened, and, to his great delight, his cousin, the priest walked in.

"Well, has your heavenly Father sent you anything to eat?" he somewhat scoffingly inquired, saying nothing about the bag of millet he had brought, carefully concealed up his sleeve.

"Look and see," responded the old man, smiling, as he indicated the simmering vessel on the fire.

"For some time the priest would not lift the lid, feeling sure there was nothing boiling there but water; but at length the savoury odour was unmistakable, and, overcome by curiosity, he peeped into the earthen pot. What was his astonishment when the excellent dinner was revealed.

"Why," he cried, 'where did you get this?'

"My Heavenly Father sent it," responded the old man gladly. "He put it into your heart, you know, to bring me a little millet from time to time, but when you would do so no longer *it was quite easy for Him to find another messenger.*" And the whole incident, his prayer and the coming of the ravens, was graphically told.

"The priest was so much impressed by what he saw and heard that he became from that time an earnest inquirer, and before long confessed his faith in Christ by baptism. He gave up his comfortable living in the temple for the blessed reality that now satisfied his soul. He supported himself as a teacher, became a much respected deacon in the Church, and during the Boxer troubles of 1900 endured terrible tortures and finally laid down his life for Jesus' sake.

"Oh, dear friends, we are dealing

with the living God to-day just as really and truly as did Elijah and the saints of old. I have told this incident at some length just to bring home to your hearts a fresh realization of the blessed fact that what He was, He is. Our Heavenly Father is unchanged. He acts on the same principles still."

"But my God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." (Phil. 4:19.)

"God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work." (II. Cor. 9:8).

—Tract.

To Yourselves.

Dwelling upon the critical event of His coming Jesus says to His disciples, "take heed to yourselves." Indeed! It seems more easy to take heed to some one else.

To give attention to others is most certainly a duty. We are, in no very limited sense, set for the helping of our fellows, especially if people are divinely appointed ministers,—for they watch for souls.

But it may become a *profession* in a way, even to care for others, and in such a case be neglectful of one's own soul.

Jesus decidedly intimates peril here and into which good people—disciples—may grossly fall. He warns against a *heart* being overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and cares of this life, so that the trying day of His coming shall find them utterly unprepared.

In another connection He raised, practically the same question and anticipates a serious situation when he said, "When the Son of man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?"

Evidently He will find what there is, and there will be no chance to change—"For as a snare shall it come on all them that dwell on the face of the whole earth." As a *snare*. What suddenness! No wonder He said, "Be ready." Be ready,—*be ye constantly ready*, for in an hour *when ye are not thinking* the Son of Man shall come.

Jesus was a faithful watchman. He saw the danger coming and cried aloud and spared not. Again He says, "Watch ye therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all those things that shall come to pass." Does it not become us to do this? Is it not now well to be warned? "Lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping."

Jesus put such emphasis upon the

danger of even his shepherds becoming indifferent to their own personal state it should not only be to all a reminder, but actually should *startle* us so we may not "sleep, as do others; but watch and be sober."—*Christian Witness*.

Importance of Decision.

"How long halt ye between two opinions?" (I. Kings 18:21.)

Christian professors may be rightly divided into three classes, namely, the nominals, the betwixt-and-betweens and the out-and-outs.

I. THE NOMINALS are they who are Christians in name only. They are enrolled in religious statistics. They are a part of the padding of the body religious. They became identified with God's people years ago, but their identification is quite obscure at the present time. They would need to be identified at the throne of grace in order to get one of God's promises cashed; they are not known there, though well known on the street and in society circles and places of pleasure. One of God's outcasts here is better known up above—better known here as a Christian, for the nominal Christian is scarcely known as such to his next door neighbor, hardly to his shop-mates.

The writer once knew of a fireman who had for months if not for years been associated with an engineer on a locomotive. This fireman had been a professed Christian for years, and one night as the day's work was done and they were washing up he remarked to the engineer that he was going to church that night to an installation. "What! you a Christian?" asked the engineer. That was the first intimation; there had been no symptoms before. Now physical conditions are not unusually misleading as to bodily health; and spiritual conditions are equally manifest. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and, per contra, out of its leanness silence reigns on spiritual topics.

II. THE BETWIXT-AND-BETWEENS. They are those who are "neither cold nor hot." They are the would-be neutrals. They are the color of the thing they are on, like chameleons and tree-toads. When with the Romans they do as the Romans do. They try to serve God at the halves, and they absorb that half, rendering Him nothing. They have some religious sentiment, which is better than nothing; they mean to do about right. There is salt enough near them to keep them from spoiling, but the salt gets no credit for it. They borrow their vir-

tue and goodness, unconsciously, from praying fathers, mothers and friends, as the moon borrows its light from the sun; but they do not shine for the benefit of others, as does the moon after the sun is down. They do not render any interest on their borrowed capital, but use it for their own benefit. They have part of an eye and ear for God and truth, and more than an eye and ear for the world, the flesh and the devil. On the fence on every live issue between good and evil, their influence is not neutralized thereby but is cast on the side of evil. "He that is not for me is against me." Inwardly, like Pilate of old, they think well of Christ, but the multitude cries out for Barabbas and Barabbas it is in fact, while they wash their hands, fancying that this operation clears them.

III. THE OUT-AND-OUTS. They know where they are and so do you and everybody else. They can be reckoned on. They are the ones sent for to pray for those dying. A dying man wants an out-and-out Christian, that is popular at the throne, around him. He wants a person of influence with God if anywhere. Your out-and-out man does not nibble at truth nor mince in his gait. He is what he is by the grace of God. In every spot and place, there are places where the nominal and the half-and-half go where he would not be seen, no, not for a thousand dollars, unless God unmistakably sent him there on an errand of mercy.

Such men and women "are the salt of the earth." They keep multitudes from rotteness by their influence in the world and community. They "are the light of the world. A city that is set upon a hill cannot be hid." The effulgence of their good works scintillates through the fogbanks of unbelief that surround and press upon them until it burns its way out and the atmosphere clears. They may be cranks of to-day but they will be the heroes of to-morrow. All the world loves a brave fighter; and he who fights "the good fight of faith" is no exception. "O and O" is on their breast and on their back wherever they go—OUT AND OUT.

They do not guess at their acceptance with God; they "know that they have passed from death unto life." There is an inborn evidence as strong as their inborn life in word and deed. It will be the out-and-outs that will be taken up-and-up, by the angels bye-and-bye. Let us be of this number. An out-and-out deed to property is the only kind worth having.—*Our Hope*.

"Say Your Prayers in Fair Weather."

A profligate captain who commanded a vessel trading between Liverpool and America, just as he was leaving port once took on board a common sailor, to serve during the voyage. The new-comer was soon found to be of a most quarrelsome disposition and a furious blasphemer. He was wholly ignorant of nautical affairs, or at least counterfeited ignorance in order to escape duty. In short he was the bane and plague of the vessel, and obstinately refused to give any account of himself or family.

At length a violent storm arose; all hands were ordered on deck; but all, it was feared, would prove too few to save the ship. When the men had mustered to their quarters, the sturdy blasphemer was missing; and the captain went below to seek for him. Great was his surprise to find him on his knees repeating the Lord's prayer with wonderful rapidity, over and over again, as if he had bound himself to countless reiterations. Vexed at the hypocrisy or cowardice, he shook him roughly by the collar, exclaiming, "Say your prayers in fair weather." The man rose up observing in a low voice, "God grant that I may ever see fair weather to say them."

In a few hours the storm happily abated; a week more brought them to harbor, and an incident so trivial passed quickly away from the memory of the captain; the more easily because the man was paid off the day after and was not heard of again.

Four years more elapsed, during which, though the captain had been twice shipwrecked, and was seriously hurt by the falling of a spar, he continued to pursue a life of profligacy and contempt of God. At the end of this period he arrived at the port of New York after a very tedious and dangerous journey from England. It was on a Sabbath morning, and the streets were thronged with persons proceeding to their several places of worship. But the captain was bent on a far different errand, designing to drown the recollections of perils and deliverances in a celebrated tavern, which he had too often frequented.

As he walked leisurely along he encountered a friend, an associate of many a thoughtless hour. Salutations over, the captain seized him by the arm, and insisted on his accompanying him to the hotel. "I will do so," replied he with calmness, "Providing you come with me first for a single hour into this church and thank God for His mercies to you on the deep."

The captain was ashamed to refuse, so the two friends entered the place of worship together. Already all the seats were occupied, and a dense crowd filled the aisles. But they succeeded in reaching a position right in front of the pulpit, at about five yards' distance.

The preacher riveted the attention of the congregation, including the captain himself, to whom his features and voice seemed not wholly unknown, particularly when he spoke with animation. At length the preacher's eye fell on the spot where the two friends stood. He suddenly paused, still gazing on the captain, as if to make himself sure that he labored under no optical delusion; and after a silence of more than a minute, pronounced with a voice that seemed to shake the building: "Say your prayers in fair weather." The audience was lost in amazement, nor was it until some moments had elapsed that the preacher recovered sufficient self-possession to relate the incident with which the reader is already acquainted. With deep emotion he told them that the words of the captain had clung to him by day and by night after his landing, as if an angel had been charged with the duty of repeating them in his ears. He had become convinced of the sin and folly of neglecting to seek God in the time of peace and safety; so he resolved to throw himself at the feet of Jesus, and thus obtain pardon for the past and grace for the future. Having felt a great desire to devote the remainder of his life to the service of his Redeemer, he had entered the ministry, and was now through grace such as they saw and heard.

At the conclusion of his address he called on the audience to join with him in earnest prayer that the same words might be blessed to some of those present. A gracious answer was given. The captain was deeply affected, and God's Spirit wrought effectually upon him. After the congregation had retired he exchanged the hotel for the house of the preacher, with whom he spent several weeks, and parted from him to pursue his profession, with a heart devoted to God, and with holy and happy assurance, which advancing years only strengthened and sanctified.—*Selected.*

"O God! that men might draw a little nearer to one another. They would then be nearer Thee."

The regenerated are holy, the entirely sanctified are perfect in holiness.—*Sel.*

Two Thousand Saloon Epileptics in Illinois.

Dr. V. H. Podstata is one of the superintendents of an Illinois asylum for insane and epileptics. He has recently written regarding the relation of epilepsy to the use of intoxicants. He tells the story, first, of one of his patients ten or twelve years of age, who was an epileptic because of his father's drunkenness. The case was directly traceable to this cause.

Dr. Podstata continues: "But while the case is pathetic, it is not rare. There are to-day in this fair State of Illinois about eight thousand epileptics. More than half of them are children. Nearly two thousand could, if they knew enough, justly point their fingers at their fathers, or mothers, or at both, and say, 'You are responsible for my misery—you, through the alcohol which made you its slave.'

"And when most of these children die early, prematurely, usually in horrible convulsions, with their poor little limbs drawn together in spasms, and their child-faces purple and twitching, from the physician's view-point the case is a case of murder, and the name of the murderer is Alcohol."

We lately received the report of a German society of physicians for investigating the causes of epilepsy, which are confessedly obscure. We are almost startled to find that these physicians of the land of beer and wine gave it as the result of their conclusions that epilepsy was almost wholly the direct or indirect result of the use of intoxicants somewhere in the ancestry of the sufferer—that epilepsy was pre-eminently the disease which owed its existence to alcohol. Thus the clear, cold voice of science more and more fixes the brand of deceiver upon alcohol, the arch enemy of the human race.—*Sel.*

I Will Trust, and Not Be Afraid.

Anxiety does not empty to-morrow of its sorrow, but it empties to-day of its strength. It brings a double weakness, for it makes us feeble in to-day's endeavors and faint-hearted for the future. Jesus warns against anxious thought as one of the insidious dangers to which we are constantly exposed.

Faith in God furnishes the great defense against the gnawing and destructive effects of "carking care." Thoughts of God's sovereignty, of His love, of His grace, and of His power will steady the heart and stay the soul against the ravages of anxiety.—*Christian Observer.*—*Sel. by Frances B. Heise.*

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From Bro. and Sr. Myers.

"Greater love hath no man than this, That a man lay down his life for his friends.

"Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." (John 15:13, 14.)

Dear readers: It gives us pleasure to give some of our thoughts. We, as a people, are noted for love among ourselves. There can not be any love, mutual, unless we have an acquaintance with each other. It was our privilege to attend the love feast at Bro. Brouse's on September 2-3. It was similar to others of former days at this good old home. It did brother and sister Brouse good to see so many of the acquainted brethren and sisters come to their home. It did please the human side to hear them say, "I am so glad to see you; I am so glad you have come." Oh, what a manifestation of the heart filled with the love of God. They had laboured for days in preparing for the occasion in order that all might be comfortable and be supplied with refreshments. The saints truly did enjoy, once more, one of the long-ago love feasts in the old homestead barn. We remember and see with our mind's eye how these old pilgrims enjoyed the meetings; it may be the last one to enjoy at their home militant. But, dear old pilgrims, there is a greater joy to which we are looking forward, to enjoy in the near future, and that is to the church triumphant; yes, the church of the First Born in heaven. Glorious anticipation! No wonder our hearts are filled with love, so that we can lay down our very life for the brethren.

O these love feast seasons; when we come together from great distances and enjoy a few days of fellowship; get into the unity of the Spirit, compassionate in feeling one toward another as in days of old. Then they break the communion bread one with another (or one for the other), understanding really what communion or the Eucharist means. Then Paul's writing will mean something, where he says, "As often as ye eat of this bread and drink of this cup, ye do shew forth the Lord's death till he come." May that little gathering we recently had at old brother and sister Brouse's be long remembered as a memorial service to all that were present. A song service at the house from the porch was to me a God-given parting. Oh, that we were Spirit-filled Christians and learned what spiritual devotions really are! I have so often wished that our people would only, for Jesus' sake quit singing during the communion service, but in a deep solemn feeling wait upon the Lord. It would seem more solemn for those who look on. We cannot well do two things at the same time.

Oh, how soon we bade farewell to one another and were off somewhere. Let us remember the fruits of the Spirit, "Love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, against such there is no law." "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you."

We left Bro. Brouse's at 2 p. m. on September 3. A drive across the mountain, twelve miles, brought us to Belleville in Mifflin county, Pa., in what is called the big valley (Quisquilla), where we arrived by private conveyance at about sundown; our first visit to this part of God's moral vineyard, among our Amish brethren. We

were received with much brotherly love and Christian courtesy. To our surprise we found them divided into six divisions. Oh, what a pity that they are not all out in the liberty of the gospel. These people are not in the liberty wherewith Christ came to make us free: they are man-bound, and that is why there are so many classes of them. Some would not comply any longer with man-made rules and so they stepped out and got liberty, so when we came among them there was liberty for us to preach the word, the gospel of our salvation among them. We had seven meetings in the week that we sojourned in the valley. We only laboured among the one class, the meeting house brethren, or most progressive in their faith. We did enjoy our short stay with these Christian friends, who with us are longing for the deeper things of God, or the life more abundant, or, if need be, a second work, or, like the church at Ephesus, do their first works, like so many who have not gone deep enough among our own dear people. Once born a child of God we are His forever—kept by the power of God. May our short stay with these Christian friends prove a benefit to them as our visit has to us, and be the means of bringing us as Christians in a nearer relation, and preparation for the near coming of our blessed Lord.

We left Belleville on September 12, and came the same day to Wellsboro, Tioga county, Pa., to our son, A. Z. Myers. May I yet say, many were the house-to-house visits and testimonies and prayers while with our Amish friends.

JOHN H. MYERS AND WIFE.
Wellsboro, Pa., Sept. 28, 1911.

A Voice From Kansas.

Dear readers of the VISITOR: We greet you with II. Thess. 2: 1, 2.

May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ abound in all who love Him with a pure heart. Amen!

Our present writing dates back to August 2, when we bade farewell to the dear brethren and sisters of Thomas, Okla. We stopped at Enid, Okla., over night with Bro. John Lenhart and family and had a pleasant visit with them. We were met at the train by the brother and conveyed to their home. On August 3, we took train for Garber, where we visited a niece of sister Zook's, six miles from Garber. Here we stopped over Sunday and had an appointment in a school-house a few miles away where we had a full house of attentive hearers. Many expressed a desire to have us remain longer. We were glad we held that service with a house full of hearers that we may never meet again on the shores of time. One man, for the first time in his life, stood up in answer to the call for all who desired to start in the Christian life. We encouraged him to go through on the Bible line.

Leaving Garber we next stooped at Blackwell, Okla., with brother William P. Kern and family where we spent several days. Brother Kern gave us a horse and buggy to visit the Erb family, who used to live in Clay county, Kansas. There are three of the dear old people, brother David and wife, and brother Christian. Brother David has been blind for ten or more years. They were exceedingly glad for our visit. They are so far away from the Brethren that they seldom have a visit from them.

They have no benefit from English preaching and would like to get into a Home for Old People where they could have German preaching.

We left brother Kern's on Saturday, August 12th, for Sedgwick, Kans., arriving there about 4 p. m., and went to the home of brother Jos. Eshelman for the night. On Sunday, the 13th, we attended Sunday-school and preaching at the Brethren's church about five miles out. While in Sedgwick we visited our dear old brother and sister Shirk. We found the brother quite feeble in health, having been in that condition for several months. The old sister was quite well and was diligent in caring for the sick brother. We visited all the brethren and sisters in and around Sedgwick and on Sunday, August 20, we again attended services at the Brethren's church.

The week following August 20, we visited several families in Newton, Kans., and preached one evening in the Nazarene church. Among those visited was sister Susie Horst, who spent some years in missionary work in India. Her husband was one of the four workers that died of smallpox, he passing away the same day that our daughter, Rhoda Martin, passed away. Sister Horst's heart is still in the work in India and she is waiting her time to again go to the field as soon as the way opens for her to go.

We also visited brother Lantz and family. They have an invalid daughter that is a great care to them. We found them all in good spirits looking to the Lord for guidance.

Next we visited brother H. L. Stump, formerly of Indiana, but is now engaged as a teacher in the College conducted by a class of Russian Brethren. He is also a minister in the Brethren church and preaches occasionally.

Our next stop was at Peabody, Kans., where we visited with brother Levi Hoover and wife and with them spent Sunday, August 27, visiting with brother D. H. Wenger and wife, also other friends near Peabody and brother Derr in Peabody.

On Monday, August 28, we visited brother John Hoover and wife, eight miles out from Peabody and had a very pleasant visit with them as well as with all the dear ones in and around Peabody.

August 29 we bade them farewell and brother Hoover brought us to Peabody where we took train for Abilene, Kans., where we arrived safely about six p. m. The remainder of the week we visited in Abilene up to Saturday, September 2, when we were conveyed to brother A. O. Zook's home, where we had lived for a number of years. September 3 we attended Sunday-school at the Zion church and preaching morning and evening. We are glad to find in the Zion church a number of earnest Spirit-filled brethren and sisters. Meeting with the dear ones here brings to our mind many pleasant recollections of the good times we had there years ago. From this congregation there have gone to foreign fields a number of missionaries and some to city missions. When we think of these things we feel to praise the Lord for what God hath wrought, and for what has been done, and then we wonder what might have been done had all the dear children of God stood together on gospel grounds. But, alas, an evil influence has been exerted and souls have pulled away from the body and

are standing aloof, and possibly unconsciously are exerting an influence that has a tendency to divide instead of unite God's people. Eternity alone will show what good has been accomplished, and on the other hand what evil has come, or may yet come, by pulling away from the body. Let God's people stand together on gospel ground and see the result.

A meeting was begun at Zion on the evening of the 10th of September. Brother Franklin, of California, is helping to hold forth the word of life. The meetings were fairly well attended, it being a busy time among the farmers. Many were the lively testimonies given by the children of God. A few of the believers sought the Lord for the deeper things of God. Just how far they succeeded we are unable to tell, the Lord knoweth. There was no move among the unsaved so far as we know, but we know the Lord's word shall not return void nor unfruitful, but it will accomplish that which the Lord pleases, either to be a savor of life unto life or of death unto death. The meeting closed on Sunday night, September 24, with a good audience. The word of the Lord was fearlessly proclaimed and the results we leave with Him.

We are spending this week visiting among the children of God. On Sunday evening, October 1, we are expected to begin some special meetings at the Belle Springs church. The Lord has been very good to us since we are away from home, for which we praise Him, from whom all blessings flow.

Yours in the blessed hope,

NOAH ZOOK.

Abilene, Kans., Sept. 26, 1911.

From Africa.

MATOPO MISSION,
BULAWAYO, S. A.,
Aug. 30, 1911.

Dear readers of the VISITOR:—Greeting in the precious Name of Jesus, who "gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity and purify unto Himself a peculiar people zealous of good works." (Titus 2:11.)

I praise the Lord this afternoon for the blessed plan of redemption. I am glad as I read it in God's word it is not a foreign subject, but since I have been redeemed the blessed story of love is real and I love to tell it to others. Bless His Name!

Truly nothing but the love of Jesus can reach these precious souls who are so steeped in sin and great superstition.

We were glad to welcome Bro. and Sr. Steigerwald with more laborers to help in the rescue of these precious souls in this dark land. We thank God for thus answering prayer in calling others to this needy field, also for caring for our dear brother and sister during their furlough, and bringing them safely back to the work.

While He was caring for them He did not forget us who were holding the fort here, but sweetly helped us in the work.

We were made to realize that the great deceiver of souls is still working, but with Jesus as our Captain we were enabled to fight on, and His blessed presence drives away the darkness. Praise His Name!

We praise God for answering prayer in behalf of Matshuba. He was one of the many souls deceived by Satan, but God in His great love and mercy has found way

to his heart and brought him back to the fold. He has taken the Bible way of repenting, confessing and making restitution and is now a changed boy. Let us pray for him that he may yield himself to God as never before.

The week following the arrival of Bro. Steigerwald and party a pair of twins was born in one of the Christian homes, a little boy and girl. When they were four days old the Lord took the little boy to Himself.

According to native custom, when twins are born and one dies they bury it under the door step of the hut in which they were born, but on this occasion as the father is a believer and being away working, his brother, an unbeliever, did not like to proceed according to their custom, but came to us and reported the death. As usual on such occasions we took a small box and covered it with muslin, for a coffin, dressed the babe in white and just as the sun was setting we laid the little form beside the other three children who have gone before.

On August 12 and 13 we met at Mapane Mission for a lovefeast, this being the last meeting at that place for Bro. and Sr. Doner, as no doubt you are all aware that they are opening a mission station at Chibi, about 150 miles northeast of here.

After returning from this meeting preparations were made for their leaving, and last Thursday, August 24, Bros. Doner and Steckley and two boys left with the donkey wagon for the long journey.

Sr. Doner and Sr. Book will, D. V., leave by train next Wednesday. They will go to Selukwe, where they will be met by the brethren. From there they will have several days trekking to the mission site.

Let us pray that as they go the Lord may prepare them for the work, also that those precious souls may open their hearts to receive the gospel.

Last Saturday Sr. Book and myself, with two native sisters went kraal visiting. We were to four kraals and met fifty-six people.

Just now is about the best time to find the people at home as their reaping and threshing is finished and it is not time to prepare gardens for planting, so they do not have much work, but sit by the fire. We found the women sewing baskets and mats, while the men were smoking.

Our hearts were touched as we met with those who are still living in their sins. The light has come to them, but they are not willing to walk in it; some say they are too old, others find other excuses.

One man said he had three sons living for the Lord and by their Christian lives he would be saved. Poor soul.

How hard the enemy holds; he does not like to see one soul leave his clutches. As we see this how necessary it is that we as God's children are wide awake and keep close to God that He may use us in His service as He wills.

Last Sunday Bro. Steigerwald, Sr. Alvis, Sr. Book and myself, with a boy, drove about fourteen miles to the kraal where Bro. Manhlenhle is teaching and held a meeting. There were thirty present. The Lord was with us, some were made to weep on account of their sins, but were not quite sick enough to yield.

Sr. Doner, with the help of Bro. Manhlenhle, had charge of the meetings

here. They also report a good meeting. There were eighty-three people present.

Our family of boys staying here number thirty-three. Several of them have not been so well; some had fever, and two are just recovering from the measles.

The interest in the school is good. Pray for these children that as they study God's word they may accept and obey it with all their hearts.

Your sister seeking the lost,

MARY E. HEISEY.

My Trip to Kansas.

Dear readers of THE EVANGELICAL VISITOR: I left home on May 10, and arrived at Wichita, Kans., on the 12th. Was met there by my son and some friends and found them all well. God's protecting care was with me and my daughter. As I was traveling along and viewing the country I was deeply impressed with the wisdom of God. I saw much beautiful land where hundreds of cattle were grazing. I thought of the saying of the Bible that the cattle and the sheep on a thousand hills are his. I also passed over land in which I saw the wisdom of God in depositing in the earth mines of lead, coal oil and natural gas. How wisely God has provided for our temporal wants.

The first Sabbath in Wichita I was in the Baptist church where several hundred scholars had assembled in Sunday-school. After school the pastor came to me welcoming me to their service. He asked me to what church I belonged. I told him the Church of God. He looked at me (I thought) a little astonished. I told him we believed in repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation. Baptism by immersion; obedience to all His commandments and ordinances, as Holy Communion and the Washing of the Saints' Feet. He made no reply but gave me to understand we have all the Bible requires. I attended a Sunday-school rally at the forum. It is supposed that five or six thousand teachers and children were present. The speaker was Bro. John H. Engle, State Secretary of the Sunday-school work of Kansas. Bro. Engle is a son of Eld. Jesse Engle, who died while being a missionary in Africa.

After this I went to Sedgwick by trolley. Was met by Bro. David Grabill. Stayed with him over night. The next morning we went to Sunday-school and church. After Sunday-school he preached a very eloquent sermon. In his opening remarks he stated that he attended the Church of God Sunday-school at Maytown, Pa., and received many good advices from the superintendent, and felt happy to say that that superintendent was present this morning. In the evening he took me twelve miles where he preached in the Methodist church. He spoke with great fervency of spirit.

Next we returned to Wichita and after a few days we went to Abilene, where we were met at the depot by Bro. J. K. Forney, and by request of sister Forney we stayed there five nights. On Sunday morning we went to Sunday-school. There was an attendance of about 120. Rev. Musser taught the Bible class. After which Bro. Hoffman preached a very interesting sermon. After service we visited Bro. Benjamin and Jeremiah Engle's and many other friends, but failed to see but very few who started

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A Sermon in a Railroad Coach.

The train stopped at a junction in the mountains and took on several passengers. Among the number was a little old woman who took the seat just inside the door. She was very small, and could not have weighed more than a hundred pounds. She must have been eighty, at least. Her face was deeply wrinkled, but it was beautiful. Her clothes were plain, but neat. Her eyes seemed very bright as she looked out through her gold-rimmed glasses. The little woman was evidently unaccustomed to travel, for she seemed nervous and ill at ease.

"Tickets," called the conductor as he entered the car.

The new passenger went down into her bag for her ticket, and with smiles all over her face handed it up to the conductor. Instantly a frown came over his face, and in a coarse, loud voice he said:

"What are you doing on this train? We don't stop at your town. No stops till we get to Scranton. Guess you haven't traveled much, old woman. Next time you go away from home you'd better take some one along to take care of you. We'll take you on to Scranton, and you can get back to-night, some time!"

The little woman was thoroughly frightened. She turned red in the face and then she got white. She rubbed her hands in pitiable nervousness, as she looked hopelessly about.

Just then a young fellow, perhaps eighteen years of age, who was sitting across the aisle, got up and crossed to where the unhappy woman was. Standing before her he raised his hat and made one of the most exquisitely graceful bows I have ever seen. Then he asked permission to sit down beside her. The old woman was somewhat deaf, and, sitting in the seat directly behind them, I could easily overhear the conversation.

"It is not so bad as the conductor says," I heard him explain. "People often get on the wrong train. I'm not very old, but have gotten on the wrong train twice, myself. But I got home all right. You'll get home all right. I live at Scranton, and I know

in life with me. Those who have passed away are Benjamin Gish, John Engle, Cyrus Lenhart, John Graybill, Eld. Jesse Engle and a very loving brother, Eli Hoffman. These all have gone from labor to reward. After this Bro. Forney took me to sister Fannie Hoffman, where I met her daughter and husband, missionaries from India, and on my return stopped a few minutes with Bro. Noah Hershey. He said he is very happy. We then returned to Abilene.

Next day Bro. Forney took me to visit a nephew of mine, Benjamin Engle, of Moonlight, and stayed all night. The next morning my nephew took me to visit Abraham Engle's and Rev. Brightbill; then again to Abilene, visited a few friends and then returned to Wichita. Stayed with my son a few weeks and then returned home to where I started in life 82 years ago. I want to especially thank brother and sister Forney for their kind entertainment.

M. M. Hoffman.

that in just about an hour after this train arrives another train—a local train—will go back, and it will surely stop at your town. Your folks will wonder why you did not come at the promised time, but when you do arrive they will be all the more pleased to see you. They will be more pleased than if you had come at the right time, for they will be afraid you are lost or something else has happened, and when you step off the train they will be ever so relieved and happy."

And the frightened look began to fade from the little woman's face, and she did not rub her hands so nervously. Then to take her mind away from her painful situation, he began to talk about other things. Presently I heard him telling her, with much dramatic action, one of the most excruciatingly funny stories I have ever heard. At first the little woman was not sure whether, under the circumstances, it was proper for her to laugh. But presently she laughed with delight.

Now the boy rose to go. As he did so he lifted his hat and made a bow. Then he resumed his seat. I was now intensely interested in the lad, and in a few minutes I sat down beside him. Putting my hand familiarly upon his knee, I remarked:

"The little woman over there is a relative of yours?"

Now it was the boy's turn to feel confused. He turned red and stammered out: "Why, no, sir, she is not a relative of mine."

"Well, one of your old friends," I suggested, "or possibly one of your mother's friends?"

"No, sir, I never saw her before in my life."

"Never saw her before? Why, then, did you go over there and take such special pains to comfort her in her anxiety and distress?"

With some hesitation he told this:

"I was glad of the chance to cheer her up. My life up to about eight months ago was a selfish life. My ambition was simply to have a good time. But my Master showed me that that was a small, mean way to live, and I promised Him that if He would help me, I would never again let a day pass that I did not try to do at least one little service for Him. I'm glad to say that I haven't missed a day yet. But I was a little afraid about to-day. I have been traveling since early morning, and everything has been strange to me. When I heard the conductor talking so roughly to the poor old soul, and saw how frightened and worried she was, I said to myself: 'Good enough! There's my chance.' So I just went over and smoothed her all down for Jesus' sake!"

I have heard many sermons on Christian consecration and Christian service, but I never heard such a sermon as that preached to me by the lad on the railroad train that day. It was not an act prompted by mere pity. It was not a service that had its limits in humanitarian endeavor. No, sir. "I went over and smoothed her down for Jesus' sake."—By Bishop John F. Berry, in *Epworth Herald*. Sel. by Delilah Kreider.

Never, never wait for post-mortem praise. Speak the kind words which love prompts, and remember that words of loving kindness are the best possible tonic which can be given, even to the happiest of the mortals.—Kate Tannatt Woods.

The Back Door Entrance.

C. A. HARTLEY.

In my home town of Pomeroy, Ohio, for twenty-five years I have sat at a desk where I could look across the street at the rear entrance of a saloon. I was not there many days until I noticed a stripling of a country boy go into that back door with an older companion. The boy went with a hesitancy which indicated to me that he was persuaded against his desire and better judgment to do so. When he came out he looked up and down the street before walking away. It was a long time before he came again, a little more boldly this time, and he was less careful not to be seen when he departed.

Within a year his visits grew more frequent and he remained longer inside. Up to that time he never seemed to be the least intoxicated when he left. In fact he looked better and acted better. He had shaken off somewhat that shrinking country air so common in rural boys coming in town. He dressed better, and had assumed a sort of jaunty mien, and would have been taken as an average youth not yet down to the even and steady trot of life.

The next year he came still more frequently, and sometimes had not come out when I had finished my day's work and gone home. Once about the middle of the second year I noticed a reddish flush on the cheek next to my window as he came out, and a little later he staggered slightly as he turned down the sidewalk, and seemed to be ashamed of it.

The next year he moved to town and secured work in a factory. For a few years then I never saw him go in that back door except on Saturday afternoons, but he was pretty sure not to miss appearing on these half-holidays. He seemed to be a man of habit. The appetite fastened on him with all the certainty of death; but somehow he never got to going in at the front door. It was always the same old path he trod, notwithstanding he had lost whatever hesitancy he had in the beginning about entering and leaving. He now plunged in without looking to the right or the left, and walked out when he was ready to do so, unabashed and unafraid.

Ten years after I first began to notice him he married a girl of about his own station in life. For a while his back door visits almost ceased. Evidently he was spending his leisure hours with his young wife. Within a year, however, he came oftener than ever; and one evening I saw his wife standing irresolutely on the sidewalk waiting for him to come out. When he did emerge from the building there was a little scene. He scolded her for coming after him, and she apologized for interfering with his pleasures, for the reason that the supper was getting cold, and the baby was not well.

Notwithstanding his growing bibulous habits he accumulated a comfortable little home, and several interesting children had come to bless it all within the next five years. Then came an appointment to a public office, by reason of a public pull and political affiliation. One day he awoke suddenly to the fact that he had gone far down the road toward making a drunkard of himself. He rallied and went off to a cure establishment, and came back apparently ready to start life over. He fell

again by way of the back door of the same saloon, regained his feet by taking treatment again, and again fell. He had not the moral force to try again to recover his footing, and has since put in his days and nights, no doubt, trying to keep the path from the sidewalk to his favorite saloon well worn and easy to find.

His home has been broken up; his wife and children have been obliged to leave him for self-protection. He has lost all his property, self-respect, and friends; and but a few days ago I saw him hobbling in at the selfsame back door, old, broken, and bent, a pensioner on his relatives and friends, and a hopeless wreck.

Only last week I saw the proprietor of that saloon come out the back way to enter his carriage for a drive and, meeting the human derelict of this story in the path, ordered him off the premises.—*Youth's Instructor*.

A Story About Daniel.

In a city called Babylon there once lived a man called Daniel. Daniel prayed three times a day. He prayed in the morning, at noon and at evening. Sometimes he prayed prayers of thanksgiving, at other times he prayed prayers of asking for what he needed. When Daniel prayed he went to his room, which was at the top of the house upon the roof, and kneeled upon his knees and turned his face toward Jerusalem. Jerusalem was a long way from Babylon, but the temple, which was the place where Daniel's people went to church, was at Jerusalem and it helped Daniel to think of God to turn his face toward the city where the temple was.

Daniel was very faithful, that is, he was thoughtful and careful in all that he had to do. Because he was thoughtful and careful the king could trust Daniel to do what he could trust no other helper to do. This made the king's other helpers jealous, and they planned to do Daniel harm. They meant to get rid of him if they could. First they watched Daniel to see if he would do anything wrong, make a mistake, or be careless. If he did anything wrong.... they meant to tell the king. They felt quite sure that the king would not excuse him or trust him if he was careless. But Daniel was not careless, he was very thoughtful. He did everything he had to do in the very best way, and even the men who were jealous of him could find no fault with what he did. The men grew more eager than ever to get rid of Daniel,..... They went to the king and said, "King Darius live forever." That was the way people spoke to the king in those days. Next they said, "We have come to ask to make this law: Whosoever shall ask anything of anyone for thirty days, save of thee, O king, shall be cast into the den of lions. Now, O king, make this law; and sign the writing that it can not be changed."

King Darius thought it would make him very great if for thirty days people should ask him for everything they wanted, and so he was willing and made the law. It was written in a book or on paper, and the writing was signed with the king's name, to show that it could not be changed. When Daniel knew about the law he went home to his house and kneeled down upon his knees three times a day and prayed as he had always done..... The men who

were jealous believed that he would pray. It was right for him to pray, and the men knew that he was not afraid to do right; and they went and stood under his windows.

His windows stood wide open, and the men heard and saw him praying. The men thought: "Daniel is doing what the law says that he must not do for thirty days. We will go and tell the king.".... The men were in such a hurry to tell about Daniel that they did not speak to the king as they should. They asked, "Hast thou not made a law that every man that shall ask any thing of any one for thirty days, save of thee, O king, shall be cast into the den of lions?"

The king answered, "The thing is true according to the law that can not be changed." Then said the men, "Daniel does not keep this law.".... As soon as the king heard what the men said, he understood why they had asked him to make the law. They had asked him to make it that harm might come to Daniel, and he wanted to change the law or make a different law at once, but the men were not willing....

The king realized that he made the law and would have to keep it, and at sunset he sent for Daniel. He said to Daniel, "Thy God whom thou servest will find a way to help." Then he gave the word and Daniel was cast into the den of lions. A stone was brought, and laid upon the door of the den in such a way that no one inside the den could open the door. The king went home to his palace. He was troubled all night. He could not eat nor sleep because of what he had done to Daniel, and very early in the morning he arose and went in haste to the lions' den. When he came near to the den he called, "O Daniel, is thy God, whom thou servest at all times, able to save thee from the lions?"

To his great joy Daniel answered, "O king, live forever. My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths, and they have not hurt me; for I have done nothing wrong, and also before thee, O king, have I done no hurt." The king was exceeding glad to hear Daniel's voice, and he commanded that Daniel should be taken up out of the den. And Daniel was taken up, and no manner of hurt was found upon him, for God had taken care of him.—*Selected by* _____

Being a Good Guest.

The agreeable guest is not the one who is always thinking of her own good times. She is ready for any gayety, but does not look injured when pleasures seem slack.

The girl who cannot content herself with a book or fancy work when her hostess is busy, will always have a sigh of relief drawn for her leaving.

The agreeable guest knows how to fit in. She wins the hearts of the old folks, and has the children at her heels. She cheerfully helps when the maid leaves, or will preside at a meal in the sudden absence of her hostess.

Aggressiveness has lost many a girl a coveted invitation. No one is anxious for the society of the girl who forces her personality. It is possible to be aggressively agreeable as aggressively disagreeable.

The girl of neutral manners may not be brilliant, but she is not cranky, officious, hypercritical, nor given to showing off,

monopolizing conversation and demanding attention. She appreciates what is done for her, and never thinks of fault-finding at what is not done.

The guest who is bright and cheerful at all times and takes things as they come, is a happy addition to any household.—*Sel.*

A Change Revelation.

Carl Gibson held a position in a real estate office, and it was part of his duty to go about the city collecting rents, and on similar errands. The company furnished the street car tickets for these trips, and Carl had got in the way of using the tickets when not on the company's business. The tickets were in his pocket, and it was very easy to take one when he got on the car in the morning, or went out in the evening. It was such a common form of dishonesty that he never thought about it. All the fellows in the office did it.

Carl was not satisfied with his position. The wages were small, and there was little chance of promotion. So, when he heard that a clerkship in the office of a large factory was vacant, he hurried away to one of the principals, whom he knew, to ask for the place. Mr. Eldridge liked the manly, wide-awake young fellow, and, as they talked, Carl received so much encouragement that his hopes were high. When he arose to go, Mr. Eldridge was ready to go home and went out with him. They stopped on the corner for a few words, and, as a car came along Carl said:

"Are you going to ride, Mr Eldridge? I can take you home on the company's tickets, you know."

"No, thank you," said Mr. Eldridge, "it is time for my constitutional."

Carl heard nothing of the new position the next day, and in a few more days it was filled by some one else. It was a bitter disappointment. For a while Carl's pride kept him silent, but the more he thought of the matter, the more puzzled he became. Mr. Eldridge had seemed so pleased with him, and had almost promised him a place. Why, then, had he passed him by without even a word of explanation? At length he decided that he must ask the reason, and he stopped in the office one afternoon, when his work was done.

Mr. Eldridge seemed glad to see him, but he looked very grave at his question.

"Do you want to know just why I passed you by? It will probably hurt you very much."

"Yes, I do want to know. If there is anything so seriously wrong with me, it's time for me to find it out."

"I agree with you. I could not employ you because I discovered that you were dishonest."

If any one had accused Carl of murder, he could not have been more utterly astonished. He sat staring across the desk without speaking, and Mr. Eldridge went on:

"To be sure it was a very small thing—only five cents. But these things breed a habit, and one cannot tell where they will end?"

"Mr. Eldridge," gasped Carl, "did you think I would cheat you?"

"No, I did not. But put the question to yourself now; could I be quite sure you would not? A great business like ours is

successful only when it is well organized. We cannot watch the men below us; we must select men who are perfectly capable and trustworthy; and we give them entire charge of the part of the business that is in their hands. So, you see, the people that we hire must be honest in the most rigid sense of the word."

Carl understood, but his senses were in a whirl, and he arose without speaking.

"My boy," said Mr. Eldridge, in a kindly voice, "this seems very hard, and perhaps unjust to you, but believe me, it was the kindest thing that I could do. I wish that I had learned this lesson as early as you have. You see, I am not doubting that you have learned it. After I had a good start in business, I nearly wrecked my life on the shoal of petty dishonesty. I have seen many promising lives wrecked there since, and I have come to believe that, in a business way, it is the most fatal wrong step one can take."

Carl said goodbye without resentment. But, though he realized that he needed a bitter pill, yet he could not thank the physician that administered it. However, as he walked home, he was making a mighty resolution, that never again would he appropriate even a pin unless he had a clear and undisputed title.—*Christian Standard.*

OBITUARIES.

FLOWERS.—Sr. Elizabeth Flowers, of near Milton Grove, Pa., was born September 3, 1831, died September 22, 1911, aged 80 years and 19 days. One son survives her. Her husband preceded her to the spirit world a few years ago. She was converted about seven years ago and united with the Brethren and remained a consistent member until her death. Her affliction was dropsy lasting about nine months. Funeral services, conducted by Eld. H. B. Hoffer, Bro. H. O. Musser and Eld. H. Zug, of the church of the Brethren, were held at the Chiques church of the Brethren M. H. Interment in nearby cemetery.

KELLER.—Godfrey Keller departed this life August 22, 1911, aged 58 years. Death came very suddenly, occurring while he was eating a lunch in town. Heart failure caused death. He was born in Zurich, Switzerland. In early manhood he came to Canada. Later he was married to Mary Ann Byer Mackie. Some years later they moved to Brown county, Kans., where they have lived since. About eight years ago he was baptized and united with the Brethren, in whose fellowship he remained till death. He leaves his companion and a great many friends who feel their loss keenly. His sufferings of this life of which he had a great share are over. Funeral services were held August 24, conducted by Bro. S. B. Stoner and Rev. T. A. Eisenbise, of the Dunkard Brethren.

HOFFMAN.—Sr. Susan (Funk) Hoffman was born November 22, 1830; died, September 26, 1911, aged 80 years, 10 months and 4 days. Death was caused by the infirmities of old age. Her husband preceded her to the spirit world eight years ago. To this union were born twelve children. Five survive her, also fourteen grandchildren. For the past seven years she had her home with her daughter, Mrs. James Gross, of Mechanicsburg, Pa. The deceased was converted when young, and for some thirty years was a faithful member of the Brethren in Christ church. Funeral services were held September 28, at the St. Paul's Lutheran church (along the State road.) Interment in adjoining cemetery. Services were conducted by Eld. Jonathan Wert. Text—Psalms 31:5.

BRECHBILL.—John Brechbill was born in Indiana county, Pa., July 29, 1849, and

died September 23, 1911, aged 63 years, 1 month and 24 days. He was united in marriage with Priscilla Stoner March 5, 1868. To this union were born three daughters and one son, namely, Mrs. Annie Smith and Mrs. Frank Brown, of Lewisville, Ohio, and Mrs. Ida Trump and Isaac, of Canton, Ohio, who with his wife, two brothers and one sister, remain to mourn his departure. He was a member of the Brethren in Christ church for a number of years, serving in the office of deacon for some time. The esteem in which he was held in the neighborhood was attested by the large congregation which gathered at the Valley Chapel church. Funeral services were conducted by Eld. J. H. Smith of Wayne county, assisted by Elders W. O. Baker, W. J. Myers and S. B. Longanecker. Interment in adjoining cemetery.

SWISHER.—Catherine (Zook) Swisher was born in Franklin county, Pa., December 18, 1840, and died September 21, 1911. She was the oldest daughter of Abraham and Anna (Nancy) Zook. Her parents moved to Illinois when she was eighteen years old, and soon after that date she was united in marriage to Jacob Swisher, and remained in Illinois for about sixteen years, after which time they moved to Mitchell county, Kansas, where they resided about eighteen months, at which time they located in Northern Missouri, where they resided until they settled near Greenfield, Iowa. About thirteen years ago she moved to Des Moines, Ia., where she remained until her death. In the morning of life our sister heard the voice of her Saviour and yielded her life and service to Him, and united with the Brethren in Christ. She was the mother of thirteen children, five of whom preceded her to the other world. Shadows continued to fall and about fourteen years ago her husband was called to the spirit world. Our sister never lost faith in God, though it was tried in the furnace of affliction. She never doubted God's faithfulness and love. Her companionship was so sweet with Jesus that she often expressed a desire to depart and be with Him in her heavenly home. When the end came it was so peaceful—simply slept away without a struggle, remaining conscious up to the last, apparently. She leaves to mourn their loss four sons and four daughters, namely: Dr. A. Z. Swisher, Susan Carter, J. D. Swisher, Emma King, J. G. Swisher, Adda Shaffer, Grace Swisher, and A. L. Swisher. The two last named are single and were living with her up to the time of her decease. She also has three brothers and five sisters still living, namely: Sarah Garwick, Mary Trump, J. S. Zook, Amanda Hiller, Elizabeth Dietch, A. G. Zook, Malissa Gayman, J. R. Zook. The funeral services were held at her residence, 1312 Laurel street, Des Moines, Ia., and were conducted by Eld. Helfenstein of this city.

Mother is gone, how sad to say,
The angel Death took her away;
No one can fill her place we know,
But God Himself can grace bestow.

Her love to us was strong and dear;
E'en now we feel her presence near;
Her smile in death was heaven born—
Triumph at last, why should we mourn?

She fell asleep in Christ, you see,
Return no more on earth to be;
We weep, but not without a hope,
And wend our way down western slope.

The cup of grief she often drank,
Her burdened heart within ne'er sank;
When troubles came so thick and fast,
But calm and rest broke in at last.

Grim death's sepulchral gloom oft fell
Which sorrows brought, no one can tell;
Within the circle of her home
When God could help and God alone.

Our loss is her eternal gain,
And while we here on earth remain
We'll serve the Lord, whom she confessed,
And meet with her in holy rest.

—By J. R. Z.